

## The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.

### THE CITY'S LULLABY.

A poor old woman named Clancy Brown lived in a big and noisy town. Through the long day, and most of the night, With ringing of bells, and flashing of light, Straight past her room on the upper floor The L cars swept with a rush and roar, So close to the house with clatter and din, It seemed as if they would enter in.

Now, her friends all thought this noise must keep The poor old lady from proper sleep, So they took her away to the country still, For peace and quiet her soul to fill. "The low of cattle and song of bee, The days from all sounds of traffic free, And the peaceful nights on a feather bed, Will add ten years to your life," they said.

She stayed one week and tried her best, But the nights were so still she could not rest. So back to her noisy lair she went, With a long-drawn sigh of pure content. "No country for me," said Clancy Brown; "I'll live and die in the same old town." And there in her room on the upper floor She is soothed to sleep by the L's wild roar.

—Lida C. Tulloch, in Lippincott's.

## THE BOAT.

By Zoe Anderson Norris.

THE boat had apparently dug a grave in the sand and buried itself there. The hull was partly submerged. The mast reared itself diagonally skyward. The broken rudder dangled a wreck.

Beyond it the waves, rolling and muttering, lashed the shore with the fury of fall-time, and back of it the wiry grasses dotting the sand-hills were turning slowly to a parched and dingy brown.

Sid, stretched his brawny length upon the beach, blew clouds of smoke about his face from the bowl of a giant pipe. Presently, prodding down the ashes with a hardened forefinger, he spoke.

"It was a good boat," he said; "an' now look at it!"

"How did it happen?" I asked and scribbled jagged letters in the sand, waiting for an answer.

"It's a long story," he commenced, taking his time—Sid always takes his time—"an' all about them fool city folk."

With that he smoked.

"Why can't they let a quiet beach alone?" he demanded by and by, his blue eyes flashing in the sunburn of his face. "Why must they come meddlin' 's far 'tis island even, bringin' their new-fangled notions an' spilin' the scenery? There wa'n't no quieter spot on Long Island than this spot here two years or so before they come. All sand-dunes an' soft slopin' beaches an' reed-birds an' snipes."

"Now look 'round you an' see how different it is. They've done scared away everything—the reed-birds an' snipes an' all. They've dug up the clams and frightened away the fishes, an' disfigured the slope o' the beach with them ropes o' thein, an' buoys an' things for their bathin'."

He puffed hard and indignantly.

"An' they call it civilizin' us," he snorted. "Civilizin' us! Humph! All I've got to say is we didn't want none o' their civilizin'. We was better off without it before they come, them city folk."

After a time, waving his disengaged hand toward the far-off beach, he questioned, "You see that there hotel? Well, the first thing they did was to build that. An' the way they went 'bout it was enuf to make you bust out laughin' if it hadn't 'a' been that the buildin' of it sp'iled the beach there so. You see it was like this: The channel between Fire Island an' Oak Island—"

"Will you tell me," I put in, interrupting, "why they call it Oak Island, Sid?"

"I dunno," said he, "unless it's because there ain't no oak in 100 mile or so from here. That's it, I guess."

"Well," I queried, finishing a prolonged pause.

"As I was 'bout to say when you interrupted me," he went on, "the channel between Fire Island and Oak Island is mighty shallow. It's the easiest thing in the world, if you ain't keeful, to run aground there with a boat, an' never get loose agin'. Them city men knew it. So when they see a lumber schooner comin' lazily along, out they rushes with all their life-boats, an' yells to 'em, 'For the love o' heaven, be keeful there or you'll run aground!' Then the captain gets wild-eyed, an' yells back, 'Lord! What must we do?' An' the city men cries to 'em, 'Throw off your lumber.'"

Taking his pipe out of his mouth, he spat reminiscentially.

"Of course," he continued, "off goes the lumber, an' the captain an' his crew, blessin' the city men for savin' their lives, sails away with tears in their eyes an' wavin' of handkerchiefs. Humph!"

"And what then?" said I.

"What then?" he repeated. "Nothin'. Only the tide rollin' up an' in, rolls the lumber 'long with it, an' them there city men haulin' it ashore built that there hotel standin' there blottin' of the beauty o' the beach, an' a good part o' them other houses you see here an' 'bout a-doin' of exactly the same thing."

"They kep' right on at that little game o' theirs, too, till the lumber

captains got onto it after so long a time, an' quit dumpin' their lumber over to 'em for the tide to carry in."

I turned my face seaward for fear the smile wreathing it might offend. "But about the boat?" I reminded him.

"The boat?" frowning moodily at it. "Do you know, them city folk make me mad. That's what they do. They make me mad showin' off their ignorance. What do they know 'bout a boat? Nothin'. Not a blamed endurin' thing. They might know all there is to know 'bout electric cars an' trams an' cabs an' automobiles, but they don't know nothin' 'bout a boat. They come down here from the city, dressed to death in white from head to foot, an' hire a sloop, an' fill it plumb full to the riggin' with their friends. Then off they go sailin' away, singin', 'A sailor's life for me, for me! A sailor's life's the only life for me!' Humph! Then the first thing you know, a stiff breeze blows up from somewhere, an' as I say, not knowin' the first thing 'bout tackin' or talkin' down a sail or h'tistin' one, the next thing that happens is this: The boat gives one big whirl, an' stands on the wrong end. Then the next mornin' you read a long list o' the dead, with black lines 'round it. Humph!"

He smoked fully five minutes of exasperating silence before he commenced again.

"That there boat over there," he groaned, "was as neat a little cat-boat as ever h'tisted sail in these here waters, an' there wa'n't nobody killed in the wreck o' her, fortunatly; but I laid it to a kind o' special Providence watchin' over fools an' young people, judgin' that was what prevented it."

He gave several vigorous and exhaustive puffs upon his pipe, leaving the story to lag, a habit peculiar to him.

"It has all the earmarks of having been a gem of a boat," I essayed, starting him.

"Gem! It was a jew'l! An' if it hadn't been for—" Halting, he shook his head, speechless for a space through sheer indignation. "It was like this," he resumed upon his recovery. "All summer long there'd been a pretty, young girl here in one o' them cottages over there," pointing to the curve of the beach fringed by a row of little shingled houses the color of dust, "with her mother, a tall, straight, slim, white-haired woman with what they called a 'ristocratic air.' She had a distant relative what was related to somebody or other belongin' to the navy or somethin', an' that was what gave it to her, they said. The girl wa'n't quite so 'ristocratic-lookin' as her mother, but the young fellers they swarmed 'round her like bees 'round a honeycomb, just the same."

"Between 'em they kep' us guessin'. Out of a dozen or more there was three pretty much neck an' neck in the runnin'. One was a young actor chap what come down from the city, 'an' stayed with her from Saturday mornin' till Monday mornin'. Regular as the day come 'round—as clockwork, you might say—there he come, an' there he stayed. Another was the rich feller what owned the boat."

"An' the third was a man what didn't seem to have anything a tall to do but hang 'round that there cottage every day in the week, an' Sunday, too, the livelong, endurin' time, b'gosh! The livelong, endurin' time!"

"You'd a thought," blowing away the smoke, and regarding me with a calm gaze at once large and contemplative, "that, seein' he had so much time on his hands while the others was at work, an' was so industrious 'bout puttin' it in to the best advantage—makin' hay while the sun was shinin', you might say—that the wind would fin'ly blow him her way for good. But that's just where you'd be mistaken. Girls like her never takes what the wind blows their way. What they wants is somethin' they have to go sailin' after, an' catch by the ropes, an' work till their hands is blistered towin' to land."

"Anyhow, the bettin' on the island was pretty solid for this feller, with nothin' to do but to go a-fishin' an' a-swimmin' an' a-sailin' 'round the bay, an' makin' love to her mornin', noon an' night, persistin' in it an' persistin' in it in spite o' the white-haired mother frownin' him down an' tryin' her level best to freeze him with her 'ristocratic air, an' dead agin the rich feller what owned the boat, because the mother was with him. Anybody what knows anything knows that nothin' sets a young girl so agin a feller as havin' her mother allus aggin' her on to marryin' him."

He meditatively crossed one leg over the other.

"But then," settling himself comfortably in the sand, "where a woman is consarned there ain't never no tellin' what to think. Like as not, when the bettin' is surest she'll ring in a dark horse on you every time."

"Of the three, 'cordin' to my notion," he reflected, after a period of inward consultation, "the actor chap was the finest man. Tall an' broad-shouldered an' handsome. Pleasant-spoken, too, he was, sort o' glib o' tongue, like he had to be, I s'pose, in his business. Nothin' a tall wrong with him, 's far's I could see, exceptin' he didn't have no money, an' no prospect o' any."

"It often happens," said I, as he paused, seemingly awaiting some remark upon the subject pro or con.

"You're right," he assented. "It's the best feller nearly every time what's broke."

"And then?"

"Well, one day when they was all in the city but the actor chap, she

an' him an' another feller, McGuire by name, took the rich chap's cat-boat an' went sailin'. The actor didn't know nothin' 'bout sailin', an' McGuire knew less. Then, to have the cheek to take the rich feller's boat! An' such a boat!

"The minute we saw 'em start out we said, 'There'll be the dickens to pay!' An' we were right. There was."

"'Twa'n't more'n an hour before they was stuck hard an' fast over there in that channel, 'bout a hundred yards from shore. No matter what they did, they couldn't move. We saw 'em pushin' an' shovin' an' jerkin' an' wrestlin' with the pile o' sand they was on, but they natchery couldn't budge it. They stayed there for hours workin', an' loafin' some, I guess. The actor chap an' the girl not half so misabel as McGuire, as had talked right smart 'bout how he could sail a boat."

"It seems that pretty soon the girl begun to get hungry, an' then what does the actor chap do but swim to shore to get her somethin' to eat. He hadn't got out o' sight before, as luck would have it, a gust of wind come 'long an' blew the boat off the sand into the bay without a bit o' trouble. Away it goes then sailin', with that idiot McGuire at the helm. By some sort o' miracle it gets 'round the island without no accident, an' comes in here to the buoy, where, hithin' it with an old rope he found somewhere in the cabin, McGuire proceeds to wade in in all his clothes to get the girl's bathin' suit, so's she could wade in, too."

"Then was the time for the rotten rope to break half in two, an' it did it. Lord! The big waves comin' swoopin' in didn't do nothin' to that there cat-boat but lift it straight up out o' the water, whirl it 'round a time or two, havin' fun a-plenty with it, an' the girl inside, screamin', half dead with fright; then, smashin' the rudder, breakin' the boom in two an' wrenchin' the sails to strips, they flings the little boat up here on the sand to stay, a wreck for life."

"And the girl?" I asked. "What became of her?"

"They took her out o' the cabin more dead than alive, an' carried her home to her mother."

With that, lapsing into a brooding silence, he puffed away at his pipe.

"Sid," I began, timidly, by and by, when I could no longer restrain my curiosity, "which man did she marry?"

"If I remember right," he replied, taking the pipe away from his mouth and blowing the smoke seaward, "they said she had gone off unbeknownst to her mother, an' married the actor chap what didn't have a cent to his name, an' no clear prospect o' makin' one. Married him, I reckon, because he never got back to the boat a tall with them provisions for her."

After a time he added, disgustedly: "But what difference did it make who she married? Look at the boat!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Wit Got Him a Meal.

The genius tramp is not always the sudden-minded wretch he is frequently depicted. Some are bright in wit and quick at repartee. A prominent citizen of Brooklyn, who, though charitably inclined, has ideas that charity should not be thoughtlessly dispensed, was walking the other day in a street where repairs to the asphalt pavement were going forward on a rather large scale. He was accosted by a burly specimen of the "ould darl," who said: "Boss, can't you give me the price of a meal?"

"Why don't you go to work?" said the citizen. "Work, is it?" exclaimed the burly specimen, casting a swift glance over the street, on which not a blade of green grass was to be seen. Then, with a twinkle in his bright blue eyes, he asked: "Do you want your asphalt mowed?"

The citizen's sense of humor was stronger than his theories of charity. He pulled a quarter from his pocket, left it in the palm of the "burly" and went his way chuckling.

She Dictated Afterwards.

"Darling Bessie," said Mr. Hoover to his lady typewriter, "will you marry me? Since you have come like a gleam of sunshine to gladden my existence, I have lived in the radiant light of your ethereal presence, and passionately—"

"Speak a little slower, please, Mr. Hoover," said the fair typewriter interrupting him, while her fingers continued to fly over the keys of her machine. "Ethereal—presence—passionately! Now I am ready to proceed."

"Bless me, Miss Caramel!" exclaimed her employer, "you are not taking down my offer of marriage on that typewriter, are you?"

"A proposal!" shrieked Miss Caramel. "Why, so it is! I didn't notice; I thought you were dictating. Forgive me, dear William, I am yours. And now, since I have made this foolish blunder, please sign this paper, and we'll keep it as a memento."

The wedding took place according to contract.—Tit-Bits.

Got a Lover Easily.

An amusing story is told of the crowning of the rose queen of a country district near Paris. The selected queen, as one of the formalities of awarding their dower, was asked by the mayor for the name of her fiancé. "I have none," she replied. Notified that a sweetheart was indispensable, the young lady added timidly: "I thought the municipality provided everything necessary."

Straightway a young swain presented himself as an aspirant, and being as promptly accepted all things became regular and in order.

### SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The number of Wesleyans in the British army and navy is estimated at 36,639.

Of 478 ancient and modern translations of the Bible, 456 have been made by missionaries.

The Cathedral of Gothenburg, which was only built in 1815, threatens to collapse.

It is stated that San Diego, southern California, is rapidly becoming the Buddhist center for America.

W. W. Astor has decided to endow the chair of mathematics and history at the University College, London, and name it the Astor chair.

Eight young Chinese women of the highest circles in Kiangsu have been sent to Japan for a three-years' education. It is the first known case of the kind.

There are about 150 female Russian students in Berlin. Most of them live in two streets in Charlottenburg, and they are said to be quite emancipated in their habits.

The cost of the state university of Missouri for its buildings, books and other equipments is \$1,300,000, and the endowment bearing interest at the rate of five and six per cent. is \$1,236,000.

Rev. Max Halpern, cantor of Beth Israel, the mother of orthodox Judaism in Boston, is reported to have brought to light the true old Hebrew tunes, which for centuries have been forgotten or kept in false forms.

The length, breadth, depth and thoroughness of the Scottish sermons of the eighteenth century were vividly portrayed by Dr. Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, recently. A subject, as he remarked, was thoroughly threshed out in those days. One text furnished a minister with eight sermons; another spread his comments and explanations upon a passage of eight verses over a period of nine months, while a third commenced a course of addresses to his congregation on the Epistles of St. James in 1766 and a whole generation had passed away before it was completed, in 1792.

UNIFORMS APPRECIATED.

Sad Fate of Kaffirs Who Accumulated a Supply of Second-Hand British Regiments.

The predominant attribute of the Kaffir is vanity, an attribute which he possesses in common with all savages and most white men. This vanity has caused the Kaffirs in South Africa to acquire about 50 per cent. of the British army tunics which have landed in that continent. Thomas Atkins, as a rule, is not over-blessed with money, consequently he cannot resist the temptation of the five golden sovereigns which the Kaffir is prepared to give for any scarlet tunic which is not in the least stage of decay, says Blackwood's Magazine.

The transfer of uniforms came to such a pitch that an army order was issued on the subject. Not that an army order was sufficient to stay the general traffic in British uniforms, but it furnished such right-minded soldiers as the horse-gunner majors with the "cue" which they required. Certain Kaffirs had struck a new and green regiment, and being themselves near the end of a six months' contract, they were "full of money."

Consequently at Britstown, where money had possessed extra fascinations for the British soldier, the "boys" attached to the battery had been able to lay in a very complete outfit in line regimentals. An investigation was made; every kit was laid bare. The revelation was wonderful. There was not a driver or "voor loop-er" who had not his scarlet jerkin. Many, indeed, had two, to say nothing of forage caps, field service caps, dragon overalls and gunner slacks.

The Kaffirs had at first looked upon the kit inspection as a joke. But they lapsed into a puzzled silence when they saw their belongings cast upon a common heap. Their great white eyes grew bigger and bigger, and their repulsive lips wider and wider apart, until, when the last bag had been ransacked, the torch was applied to the pile of clothing.

Then they realized the blasting of all their hopes, and with one accord they gave vent to a despairing yell which attracted the attention of the camp. They became like men possessed. Smiling themselves heavily upon the head with their fists they went through the paroxysms of negro lamentation. One could almost feel for them, great bronzed children that they are. They had worked hard for months, shared the privations and dangers of war with the white men, in order that they might return to their kraals bedecked as they thought in all the glory of the white man's clothes. To them the Utopia of life would have been their home-coming. The admiration of chattering women, the acclamation of picaninies, and the hideous smile of their paramount chief as they humbly presented him with a battered helmet in a semi-decayed state of pipe-clay finish. But the officer in command was no philanthropist when the honor of the uniform which his family had worn for two centuries was at stake. And he was right.

Luxor's Cat Cemetery.

The most curious cemetery is situated at Luxor, on the Nile. Here repose the mummified bodies of millions of sacred cats. Their remains are side by side with the bodies of kings and emperors in mausoleums.—N. Y. Sun.

When Greek Meets Greek.

We wonder if a book agent ever tackled an insurance agent.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

## COLUMBIA DISC Graphophone

Made in three types selling at

\$15, \$20 and \$30

The best Disc Machine on the Market

Entertains Everybody Everywhere

Uses Flat Indestructible Records

which can be handled without danger of being injured

The reproductions are

LOUD,

CLEAR and

BRILLIANT



7-inch Records 50 cents each; \$5 per doz.

10-inch Records \$1 each; \$10 per doz.

The GRAPHOPHONE and COLUMBIA RECORDS were awarded the GRAND PRIZE at the PARIS EXPOSITION of 1900

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

110 E. Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

### A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

"Something New Under The Sun."

All doctors have tried to cure CATARRH by the use of powders, acid gases, inhalers and drugs in paste form. Their powders dry up the mucous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of CATARRH, has at last perfected a treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures CATARRH by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "SNUFFLES" the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE and is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

"SNUFFLES" is the only perfect CATARRH CURE ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and is also wonderfully quick to relieve HAY FEVER or COLD in the HEAD.

CATARRH when neglected often leads to CONSUMPTION — "SNUFFLES" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure CATARRH in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once and write full particulars as to your condition and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "SNUFFLES" the "GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE."

Sent postpaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. H 612, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2340 and 2333 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Cheap Settlers' Rates to the Far West and Northwest.

The Burlington Route will renew the cheap one-way Settlers' rates every day during September and October, 1902, to Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California, such as \$30 from St. Louis, \$33 from Chicago and \$25 from Missouri River points, to California, Portland and Puget Sound territory, with correspondingly low rates to Spokane District and the Butte-Heleena District.

The Burlington Route and its connections best reach the entire West and Northwest country. It is the main traveled road through the West. The map shows.

Cheap Round-trip Tourist Rates, to Colorado, Utah.

During certain periods of August and September the Burlington will make such remarkably low first-class round trip rates to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo as \$24 from St. Louis, \$15 from the Missouri River and \$25 from Chicago, good all Summer; at other periods only one-fare, plus \$2. Ask nearest ticket agent for details.

Cool Minnesota.

Very low tourist rates to Minnesota points daily, until September 15th.

Homeseekers' Excursion.

First and Third Tuesdays of August, September and October to many sections of the West and Northwest. Round-trip tickets with 21 days' limit.

Consult your nearest ticket agent or write us of your proposed trip and let us advise you the least cost, send your publications and otherwise assist you.

W. M. Shaw, D. P. A., 436 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. W. L. WAKLEY, Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Louis, Mo. C. M. LEVEY, Gen'l Mgr., St. Louis, Mo.

WARNING BEWARE OF FRAUD.

Only the ORIGINAL CHICKERING PIANO and it is made in Boston, Mass. The W. G. Woodmansee Piano Co. Sole distributors Chickering & Sons, (Angela, perfect piano player) and 10 other good makes of Pianos, 100 & 107 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O. Call or write and get our prices, it will pay you.

### Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment is prepared to cure Piles and DOES IT in short order. Easy to apply, every box guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00. All druggists or by mail.

WILLIAMS MFG CO., CLEVELAND, O. Sold by W. T. Brooks, (6may-1yr)

### Notice to the Public!

I have opened a Plumbing Shop in the Charles Stephens Block, Main St., and am prepared to do all work in Plumbing and Gas Fitting. My work is guaranteed first-class and charges reasonable. Give me a trial of your work and you will be convinced. Thanking the citizens of Paris for their previous favors while I was with Thos. W. Ball and hope they give me a share of their work I remain Very Respectfully, W. C. WILLETT.

'Phone 314.

### Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.

Arrival of Trains at Paris:

From Cincinnati—10:53; am 5:33 pm; 9:45 pm.  
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:48 am; 8:23 pm; 6:10 pm.  
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:40 am; 8:18 pm.  
From Mayesville—7:45 am; 3:15 pm.

Departure of Trains from Paris:

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:51 am; 8:30 pm.  
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 pm.  
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:58 pm; 9:53 pm.  
To Mayesville—7:50 am; 6:20 pm.

F. B. CARR, Agent.  
H. Rion, T. A.

### \$31 TO SALT LAKE CITY

AND RETURN

FROM ST. LOUIS, FOR THE ELKS' GRAND LODGE MEETING.

Tickets on ex. A. out 7 to 16, limited September 8. The trip Salt Lake City over the Denver and Rio Gr. to Salt Lake and Rio Grande Western.

"The Scenic Line of the World,"

is the most beautiful in America. No Euro- pean trip of equal length can compare with it in grandeur of scenery or wealth of novel interest.

Map shows.

Cheap Round-trip Tourist Rates, to Colorado, Utah.

During certain periods of August and September the Burlington will make such remarkably low first-class round trip rates to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo as \$24 from St. Louis, \$15 from the Missouri River and \$25 from Chicago, good all Summer; at other periods only one-fare, plus \$2. Ask nearest ticket agent for details.

Cool Minnesota.

Very low tourist rates to Minnesota points daily, until September 15th.

Homese